A MATCH. (Matched.)

oldest friend could dictate to—to whom he could say 'Do this,' with any confidence that she would do it. His breath came quick and his heart beat now that the moment approached, but 'There is nobody so near a father to her as I am, he said to himself, and this gave him courage. Anne received him in a little sitting-room which was reserved to herself. She was sitting there among her papers waiting for him, and when he entered came forward quickly, holding out her hands, with some abusety in her face. 'Something has happened?' she said, she, too, with a little catching of her breath.

ath, No-nothing, my dear, nothing to alarm you; I an really nothing at all, Anne-only I wanted to

speak to you...'

She put him into a comfortable chair, and drew her own close to him, smiling, though still a little pale. Then it is all pleasure, 'she said, 'if it is not to be pain. What a long time it is since I have seen you! but we are going to Hunston, where we shall be quite within reach. All the same you look anxious, dear Mr. Ashley—you were going to speak to

Me—
'About your own affairs, my dear child,' he said.
'Ah!' a flush came over her face, then she grew paler than before. 'Now I see why you look so anxious,' she said with a faint smile.' If it is only about me, however, we will face it steadily, whatever it is—'

it is—'
ine,' cried the Rector, taking both her hands in
Anne, my dear child! I have loved you as if you had been my own all your life.'
She thanked him with her eyes, in which there was the ghost of a melancholy smile, but did not speak

and I can't bear to see you slighted, my dear, 'And I can't bear to see you slighted, my dear, You are slighted, Anne, you whom we all think too good for a king. It has been growing more and more intolerable to me as the months have gone by, I cannot bear it, I cannot bear it any longer. I have come to say to yourself that it is not possible, that it must not go on, that it cannot be?

Anne gave his hands which held hers a quick pressure. 'Thank you,' she said, 'dear Mr. Ashley, for coming to me. If you had gone to anyone else I could not have borne it; but say whatever you will to me.'

Then he got up, his excitement growing. Anne, Then he got up, his excitement growing. 'Anne, this man stands aloof. Possessing your love, my dear, and your promise, he has—not claimed either one or the other. He has let you go abroad, he has let you come home, he is letting you leave London without coming to any decision or taking the place he ought to take by your side. Anne, hear me out; you have a difficult position, my dear; you have a great deal to do; it would be an advantage to you to have someone to act for you, to stand by you, to help you.'

"So far as that goes,' she said with a pained smile—'no: I don't think there is very much need of that."

that.' Listen to me, my dear. Rose has her mother;

smile—'no: I don't think there is very much need of that.'

Listen to me, my dear. Rosa has her mother; she does not want your personal care, so that is no exense; and all that you have to do makes it more expedient that you should give you that help and support. None of us but would give you that help and support, old so gladly. Anne.' But there is once whom you have chosen, by means of whom it is that you nave that he you may he could not rish to your side impradently, impatiently, as he coght. What sort of a man is it that thinks of plottenee in such circumstances?' He lets you stand your future, the place where he is, without settling your future, the place where he is, without settling your future, and the common of any conclusion—tience with it—time indicated. Oh, I have no patience with it—time indicated. Oh, I have no patience with it—annot away with it? said the put up with. And any one choice of the common in the common in the common of the common in the com

or had it got frozen upon her lips so that the ghost could not pass away?

When he stopped at last, half frightened by his own vehemence, and alarmed at her calm, Anne was some time without making any reply. At last she said, speaking with some difficulty, her lips being dry: 'Mr. Ashley, some of what you say is true.'

'Some -oh, my dear, my dear, it is all true-don't lay that flattering unction to your soul. Once you have looked at it calmly, dispassionately.'

Here Anne broke torth into a little laugh, which made Mr. Ashley hold out his hands in eager deprecation; 'Oh, don't, made and the wend to much. Am I so dispassionate, do you thank? Able to judge calmly, though the case is my own...'

'Yes Anne' gried the add Region, his feel's

'Do you think that is sufficient?' said Anne with a faint suite. 'You see I am not ignorant of—the foundations—Do you think that till do?' 'My dear, my dear!' Mr. Ashley said. He did not seem capable of saying any more.

With that Anne, feeling very like a woman at the stake—as if she were tied to her chair, at least, and found the ropes, though they cut her, some support—took the letter out of his hand and put it into an envelope, and directed it very steadily to 'Cosmo Douglas, Esq. Middle Temple.' 'There, that is over,' she said. The ropes were entting, but certainly they were a support. The papers before her were all mixed up and swimming about, but yet she could see the envelope—four-square—an accomplished thing, settled and done with; as perhaps she thought her life too also was.

thought her life too also was.
'Anne, said the old Rector in his trembling voice, 'my dear! I know one far more worthy of you, who would give all the world to know that he might

ope-She put out one hand and pushed herself away She pair one hand and pushed hereit away from the table. The giddiness went off, and the papers again became perceptible before her. You don't suppose that I—want anything to do with any man F she said with an indignant break in her your.

voice, 'No, my dear'; of course you do not. It would 'No, my dear'; of course you do not. It would not be in nature if you did not seem and turn from—; but Anne,' said the old Rector, 'life will go on, do what you will to stand still. You cannot stand still, whatever you do. You will have to wak the same path as those that have gone before you. You need never marry at all, you will say. But after a while, when time has had its usual effect, and your grief is calmed and your mind matured, you will do like others that have gone before you. Do not seem what I say. You are only twenty-two when all is done, and life is long, and the path is very dreary when you walk by yourself, and there is no one with you on the way.'

Anne did not say anything. It was her policy and her safety not to say anything. She had come to herself. But the past time had been one of great struggle and trial, and she was worn ont by it. After awhile Mr. Ashley came to see that the words of wisdom he was speaking fell upon deaf cars. He talked a great deal, and there was much wisdom and experience and the soundest good sense in what he said, only it dropped half-way, as it were, on the wing, on the way to her, and never got to Anne.

He went away much subdued, just as a servant treat.

ready there was something, a warning of evil, in the air.

A MATURE

Global S.

His own for A many the company of the company

but a bit of hydraulic machinery, and was pumping a lump of lead.

It 'My dear child, my dear child?' the old Rector said at length, rising up hastily and stumbling toward her, his eyes dim with tears, not seeing his way. The circumstances were far too serious for his usual exchamation of 'God bless my soul?' which, being such a good wish, was more cheerful than the occasion required.

'Do you think that is sufficient?' said Anne with a faint smile. 'You see I am not ignorant of—the foundations—Do you think that ill do?'

'My dear, my dear' Mr. Ashley said. He did not seem capable of saying any more.

With that Anne, feeling very like a woman at the stake—as if she were teed to her chair, at least, and found the ropes, though they cat her, some support—took the letter out of his hand and put it into an envelope, and directed it, very stead.

Not don't mean it, Miss Rose. Broken off! Mr. Don.—

Rose put her hand on the little landlady's mouth. She must not hear we are talking of her. She would never forgive me. And besides, I don't know—it is only a gness; but I am quite sure! Keziah threw up her hands and her eyes. 'All broken off—thrown the gentleman over! Is there some one else I' she whispered, trembling, thinking with mingled trouble and complacency of her own experiences in this kind, and of her unquestioned superiority nowadays to the lover whom she had thrown over—the unfortunate Jim.

'No, no, no, said Rose, making her mouth into a circle, and shaking her head. No other! No rieher, better, more desirable lover! This was a thing that Keziah did not understand. Her face grew pale with wonder, even with awe. To jilt a gentleman for your own advancement in life, that might be comprehensible—but to do it to your own damage, and have cheeks like smowthakes in consequence—that was a thing she could not make out. It made her own position, with which she was already satisfied, feel twice as advantageous and contortable; even though her marriage had not turned out so well for mother and the boys as Keziah had once hoped. even though her marriage had not turned out so well for mother and the boys as Keziah had once

(To be Continued next Sunday.)

A REQUIEM.

Thou hast lived in pain and woe, Thou must lived in grief and fear. Now thine heart can dread no blow, Now thine eyes can shed no tear: Storms round as shall beat and rave; Thou art sheltered in the grave.

Thou for long, long years hast borne, Bleeding through Life's wilderness, Heavy loss and wounding scorn; Now thine heart is burdenless: Vainly rest for ours we crave; Thine is quiet in the grave.

We must toil with pain and care, We must front tremendous Fate,
We must light with dark Despair;
Thou dost dwell in solemn state,
Couched triumphant, calm and brave,
In the ever-holy grave.

JAMES THOMSOM.

BARBARA FRITCHIE'S TRUE STORY.

From The Springfield Republican.

mother, how are you?" "Hurrah for '76!" "Let's shake hands, grandmother." etc. At this moment General Reno eame up at the head of his brigade; the picture met his eye; the crowded artillery, the banners, horses, swords, muskets and men, and in the midst, the veritable "old gray head," with its smooth white cap, the folded muslin over the breast now beating with young heart-throbs, the bent figure in the black gown. He reined in his horse before her. "And how old is grandmother?" said he. Some one replied "Ninety-six." "Ninety-six! Halt! Three cheers for the loyal grandmother?" A shont went up that had some sound in it; the General dismounted, entered the little house with one of his aids, shook hands with Barbara, was seated, and in a few moments the old lady was pouring him out a glass of wine of her own making. Good-by was spoken and the troops passed on; but nearly all that day the aged figure could be seen cheering the passing soldiers by her enthusiasan. The next day came the word "a flower on the Union side has fallen. The brave Reno, respected by both sides alike, was killed at South Mountain in an engagement whose details of fierce contest will never be fully known "The next day," Mrs. H—continued, "we were

resolute smoker, and "takes his tobacco" freely till 2 o'clock in the morning.

A laborious existence such as this is, as it deserves to be, hamisomely rewarded. Mr. and Mrs. Grimston live in a liner and far more tastefully decorated house than a padze of the last generation would have dreamed of inhabiting. A fair draughtsmen himself, the husband has a keen affection for good pictures, drawings and engravings, and the house is fail of "pretty things," as it is fashiomable to call artistic work of every kind. In the library at the back of the dining-room is the stufied skin of the famous bird who appeared in what Americans call the "title role" of the post laurente's "Falcon." For the first few nights and the last Mr. Michell lent Mr. kendal his highly trained Eurydice, a very beautiful peregrine; but the middle of the run was occupied by the genuine wild or "haggard" falcon, whose remains are now displayed in a glass case. From some cause the poor bird, who, from a ficree, wild thing had become a delightful companion, died suddenly in the full glory of his carrer, to the great sorrow as well as embarrassment of his owner. The library also contains a portrait of Salvimi as Othello by Mr. Kendal, and many tidibits of drawing and engraving by enument hands.

Mrs. Kendal, who is a member of the Church and Slave Guild is naturally isolons of the good name.

by Mr. Kendal, and many tubits of drawing and engraving by eminent hands.

Mrs. Kendal, who is a member of the Church and Stage Guild, is naturally jealous of the good name of her profession. Occasionally she will express, in a sarcastic way, her high opinion of the St. James's company, all the leading members of which are genuine donestic characters, living with their families after the manner approved by English public opinion. She is equally, as she says, pront of them as an actress and as the mother of a family. She is, like the majority of artists, sceptical as to the judgment of critics, and in a lesser degree as to that of the public—that is, the public of the stalls. She is a firm believer, on the contrary, in the verdict of pit and gallery—the verdict of the people whose heart is always ready to respond to any noble sentiment or generous emotion. Mrs. Kendal is not alone in this opinion, albeit two of its most hearty exponents, Charles Mathews and "Colonei" Bateman, are no more.

GENERAL HARTSUFF'S STORIES.

D. Y. Adee in The United Service Magazine. "When I was a cadet," said he, "I was one rainy day on sentinel duty, when General Scott, who was visiting the Point, came by, wrapped in a great military cloak and carrying a huge umbrella. Seeing me pacing up and down in the rain, the old gentleman's kind heart induced him to stop and say to me, 'Young gentieman, you will catch cold out in the wet. Come under my umbrella, and walk with me up to headquarters, when I will have you excused.' I marched by his side in fear and trem-bling, and, to my great relief, was not reprimanded by the commandant."

Again he told us; "I was once ordered to the front to take part in a forward movement under General Shields. Shields, be it known, had unquestionably kissed the blarney-stone. I arrived with my regiment in the evening, and at once reported at the general's tent. There was a number of colonels sitting and standing about the tent; and when I went in General Shields came forward to meet me, and putting his hand up to his mouth, whispered in my ear, I'm glad to see you here, 'emphasizing the you in a complimentary manner. Presently another colonel arrived and came in, when Shields stepped up to him and went through the same motion. Then another arrived, with the same result. When we were all dismissed, with orders to report next morning at daybreak, we bid the general good-might and walked outside together. When we were out of car-shot, said I, 'Gentlemen, I think I can tell each one of you what General Shields whispered to him.' What I what I' asked they all. Why,' said I, he simply said, "I am glad to see you here." Every colonel bowed assent. General Shields had politicly addressed to each one of us the same gratifying formula, but next day we fought none the worse for that, although an occasional smile would break out."

Again he said: "I was one time discussing in Again he told us; "I was once ordered to the From The Springfield Republican.

It was to her own troops that Barbara waved the flag, inspiring them on a march that involved some of the most intense suffering of the war. The days were oppressive, the roads sunny and full of dust, and any moment might bring the contending forces face to face. It was the day before the South Mountain battle. South Mountain lies twelve miles west of Frederick, and to this point General Reno, under Barnside, was pressing whon he passed Dame Barbara's door.

"They were passing all day," Mrs. H. went on to say, "but in the morning I said to my daughter, 'Julia, there are so many soldiers around, go over and bring aunt across the bridge; she is alone and perhaps may feel afraid."

"And did you bring her back ?" said I.

"Oh, no," laughed Julia, "Aunt Fritchie was standing at the window, nodding and smiling to the troops, who were gathered all about her, and when I came she said, 'Child, hand me my flag; you'li find it in my Bible?"

In between the pages that Barbara read daily the "silken scarf" was folded; a little flag of twisted silk, not two feet long. It was not on a staff, so Barbara waved it like a handkerchief. The throng lincreased, the men would not move on; but, breaking ranks, were crowding around her with. "Why," link your punch!"

flower-stands for the time in the markets, and num-berless toy pistols snap in the face of the passer-by. Many sensible people, after a reconnoitre in the vicinity, purchased their Fourth of July dinners at uptown shops.

The immense arrival of over 150,000 pounds of weakfish Friday lowered the price of all the cheaper grades of fish. Spanish mackerel, sheepshead and salmon were not perceptibly affected in price. Cod is 8 cents a pound; haddock, 6 cents; and halibut, 18

Weaking Friday lowered the prace of all the cheaper grades of fish. Spanish mackerel, sheepshead and salmon were not perceptibly affected in price. Cod is Scents a pound; haddock, 6 cents; and halbut, 15 cents. Bass is from 20 to 25 cents. Dressed eels sell for 18 cents. I haddock, 6 cents; and halbut, 15 cents. Bass is from 20 to 25 cents. Dressed eels sell for 18 cents. I work of the cents; diounders, 8 cents; thucks, 8 cents; and blackfish, alive, 12½ cents. Fresh mackerel are 15 cents and Spanish mackerel 18 cents, 8 cents; and blackfish, alive, 12½ cents; cents; kingish, 25 cents; and sheepshead, 18 cents; kingish, 25 cents; and sheepshead, 18 cents, Scab ass bring 12½ cents innounlish, 10 cents; and bluckish, 8 cents. Brook trout are \$1 a pound cultivated, and 50 cents, and cheef can be a hundred. Little Neck clams are 50 cents a hundred. Little Neck clams are 50 cents a hundred. Hard crabs are \$3 and soft crabs are \$1 to 82 a dozen.

There is little change in meats. Lamb and vean are a trifle higher. Frime ribs of beef are 22 cents a pound. Porterhouse steak is 25 to 28 cents, sirloin 24 cents, and chuck beef 16 to 18 cents, and chuck beef 16 to 18 cents. Rect fougaes; are 75 cents a piece, beef hearts are 25 cents a pound. I for ents, and rack 16 cents. Rect fougaes; are 75 cents apiece, beef hearts are 25 cents apiece, and be cliver is 8 cents. Problems of the hindurater, and 20 cents for the forequarter and corned brusket is 12 cents. Rect fougaes are 15 to 16 cents and problems of the hindurater, and 20 cents for the forequarter in deep the problems of the hindurater, and 20 cents for the forequarter in deep the problems of the hindurater, and 20 cents for the forequarter in market pickled and raw. Pickled tongues should be split lengthwise, and served with a few spring of parkey. Changes are 36 cents a dozen. They are often simply boiled and served on the table with the heart.

Prices in poultry are rather firmer. There is an inclination toward scarcity in supply, while the demand is lively. State s

to 32 cents. Green geese are 30 cents, and spring ducks 25 cents. Fresh-killed turkeys are 16 cents a pound, and frozen turkeys 25 cents. Tame pigcons are \$2 50 to \$2 75 a dozen, tame squabs \$3 50 a dozen, and wild pigeons \$2 50 to \$2 75. They are still coming from Missouri. None have been shot within a hundred miles of a railroad yet. Wild squabs are very scarce. There are only a few in market, and they were frozen this season. English snipe are \$2.50 a dozen, and plover \$2.50. Sand snipe are scarce at 50 cents a dozen.

Vegetables continue plentiful. There is no addi-

tion to the list except green corn. A little has been brought to market, but it was not good. It sold as high as \$3 50 a hundred. By Wednesday next it will probably be in market in good condition at a considerably lower price. Asparagus is nearly gone. Globe artichokes and okra are both suffering from the drouth in the South, and only a light crop if on the drouth in the South, and only a light crop
is promised. String beans from Long Island are 60
cents a peck and butter beans are the same price.
Green peas are now in their best condition. First
quality marrowfats are 25 cents a peck, and sugar

The Apprican Ministry who was your problem.

are selling at from 10 to 20 cents. Red Antwerp raspberries are 10 cents a quart. Blackeap taspberries are 5 cents. Huckleberries are from 12½ to 15 cents. Gooseberries are 8 cents, extra sized 20 cents. Blackberries are from 15 to 18 cents. Currants, red and white, are 10 cents a pound. Black ox-beart cherries are 25 cents a pound, white 35 cents, and other cherries 10 cents.

Large freestone peaches are from \$1 to \$2 a dozen. Canternia plants are 60 cents a dozen. Hethouse grapes are \$1 25 to \$2 a pound. Waternie jous are from 75 cents to \$1 25 apiece, Green apples are in market at 1 cent apiece, and ofter cohe cheap to the small boy.

Red manusce apples from Colorado are 30 cents apiece. Agua cartes, or alligator pears, the delicious vegetable saiad of the tropics, are \$3 a dozen. Havana sugarioai pineapples are \$3 a dozen. Lemons are 10 for 15 cents. Oranges are from 50 to 75 cents and \$1 a dozen. Limes are 10 and 15 cents a dozen. Mangoes are 50 to 75 cents a dozen.

MENU.

MENU.

Green Pea Soup. Green Pea Soup.
Lobater Croquettes Cheumbers.
Sweetbreads Fried. Saraiona Petatoca.
Roast Duck. Green Peas. Cauliflower.
Tomato Salad.
Cheese. Wafers.
Vanilla and Strauberry Ice-cream.
Raspberries and Cream.
Coffee.

HOUSEHOLD NOTES.

OLD COLONY CAKE.—Three eggs, one scant cup butter, two and one-half cups sugar, one cup sour milk, three and two-thirds cups flour, teaspoon soda, spice to taste. Sift powdered sagar over the top of the cake.

the cake.

PLUM MARMALADE.—Choose plums that are fully ripe. Seald them till the skins poel off, and take out the stones. Allow a pound and a half of sugar to a pound of fruit; let them lie in the sugar a few hours, then boil to a smooth mass.

SMOKED MEAT ON TOAST.—Take a cold smoked tongue or ham that has been well boiled, and grate t with a coarse grater or mines it fine, mix it with ream and beaten york of egg, and let it simmer over be the December of the size. cream and beaten york or egg, and let it samine over the fire. Prepare some rine slices of toast, butter them rather slightly, lay them in a flat dish that has been heated over the fire, and cover each slice with the meat mixture that should be spread on hot. Place on the table in a covered dish, for either break-PICKLED KIPE TOMATOES.—To one gallon of

pecied tomatoes, two tablespoons white mustard seed, one tablespoon whole cloves, one tablespoon salt, two tablespoons pepper, two tablespoons all spice. Put in a jar, sprinkling the spices between the layers, and pour scalded vinegar over them.

HENRY CLAY'S COURTESY.

Dr. Moorman in The Cincinnati Commercial.

I think I never saw a more perfect gentleman than licary Clay. He was always considerate of the feelings of his brother man, and even when sorely tried never said or did anything which could possibly offend the lowliest of them. I recall an instance of this. There lived here in former years a man named Garbard, who, though a rough fellow, was an ardent advairer of Mr. Clay and a personal acquaintance.

During one of Mr. Clay's visits Garbard came up to the Springs, arriving at nightfall in a sad condi-

During one of Mr. Clay's visits Garbard came up to the Springs, arriving at nightfall in a sad condition of intexteation. He wanted to know where Mr. Clay was, and insisted upon seeing im. With some difficulty we persuaded him that he must wait until morning, and he finally said: "Well, just let me see his foot tracks; that will do me to night."

The next morning I started with a friend to Mr. Clay's house, and found him surround- with distinguished gentlemen, both of this antry and abroad. There were Senators and Judges and foreign Ambassadors present, all engaged in discussing, I believe, some intricate question of foreign policy. The gentlemen present would throw out some problem or other, like a tub to a whale, for Mr. Clay to play with, as it were. Mr. Clay was seated at the end of the room furthest bon the door when who should come marching into the room but Mr. Garbard. He had with him, too, an Italian dwarf, in fantastic dress, with bells on his hat, who was a ventriloquist and a mountebank generally. Of course the appearance of such a couple in such an assemblage created no little commotion.

Garbard pulled his hat off, and marching up to the man of Ashiand, said: "Good morning, Mr. Clay."

"Good morning, Mr. Garbard," said Mr. Clay."

the man of Ashiand, said: "Good morning, Mr. Clay."

"Good morning, Mr. Garbard," said Mr. Clay.

"Well, Mr. Clay,' continued the other, "I know you are a good judge of men and are fond of music, so I brought this man up to amuse you. He can imitate any kind of an animal in the world, and I'll have him go through his programme for you."

Everybody else in the room was abashed at the

HOME INTERESTS.

PRICES IN THE MARKET.

A PLENTIFUL SUPPLY OF EDIBLES OF ALL KINDS—
MODERATE PRICES THE RULE—A LARGE SUPPLY
OF SUMMER FRUITS AND VEGETABLES, WITH
FALLING PRICES.

Barricades of fireworks have taken the place of

the man went off.

The discussion was never resumed, and the party all came down on to the grounds after that, but it was the finest exemplification of "a step from the sublime to the ridiculous" that I ever witnessed.

REMINISCENCES OF BRYANT.

Mrs. E. S. Leggett in The Detroit Post and Tribune.

A LITTLE WHILE.

Oh, soul, a little while And thou shall be released, And Fortune shall have ceased To frown for thee or smile.

A little, little space,
A few brief months or years,
Too brief, O soul, for tears,
Then to thy resung-place.

O wherefore art thou stirred With weak and idle rage To beat against thy cage Like to a captured bird f Be still, poor soul, be still: He sees the sparrow's fail: Thy woes He knoweth all; Ilush, hush, and wait His will.

Green beas are now in their best condition. First quality marrowfats are 25 cents a peck, and sngar peas are the same price. Cauliflower is plentiful and fine at 15 to 30 cents a head. Young cabbage is 4 to 7 cents a head. Large fine egg-plants are 30 cents a piece. Tomatoes are 20 cents a quart. Endive is 5 cents a head. Roman lettuce is 7 cent as head, and ordinary lettuce 2 cents. Parsley is 5 cents a bunch, mint 5 cents, tarragon 8 cents, and chives 5 cents. Mushrooms are 50 cents a pound. The luxurious customers who usually buy them are out of town and the demand is decreased. Potatoes are still lower. New potatoes are from 20 to 40 cents a peek. There is promise of an immense crop this season.

The best creamery butter is a little scarce and now sells at 28 cents a pound. Light salt Philadelphia butter is 30 cents. The best dairy butter is 25 cents. Eggs are 23 cents. Red Antwerp raspherries are 10 cents a quart. Blackeap raspharries are 5 cents. Hacklebernes are from 12½ to 15 cents. Glosseberries are from 15 to 18 cents. Currat rank and white are 10 cents. Currat rank and white are 10 cents. Currat rank and and cultery mainly; but it will not all first and proper first plant of the cents and culter in the politics and here represented an plustical space of the Unito. States of America, I think I am net overstepping the bounds of modesty when I say that I represented to 15 cents. Glosseberries are from 12½ to 15 cents. Glosseberries are from 15 to 18 cents. Currat rank pod and white are 10 cents. Currat rank pod and white are 10 cents. Currat space of the world. Hitherto we have sent you cents. Red Antwerp rank pod and white are 10 cents. Currat space of the world. Hitherto we have sent you cents. Glosseberries are from 15 to 18 cents. Currat rank pod and white are 10 cents. Currat space of the world. Hitherto we have sent you cents. Cutton and cultery mainly; but it will not a like the conditions of the proposed that the conditions of the proposed that the proposed the proposed that the proposed that th you corn, cotton and cuttery mainly; but it will no always be so.

always be so.

I have reached that period of life when aimost every man becomes, more or less, landator tempor, acti; and when he begins, either sitently or publicly, to conceive or express a considerable respect for the opinion of that Consul Planeas whom he particularly lampoened in the lot days of his youth, [Cheers and langhter.] That is probably a natural tendency. I suppose that Adam, in his old days, regretted the degeneracy of apples [langhter]—that the modern apples had not the flavor and the piquancy, and were not such aids to direction, as those which he remembered in his youth. [Langhter.] But I think there is one thing in which even those who are pessimistically inclined will say that the world has improved, and that is the press. [Cheers.] It is certainly a long stride from The Grab Street Journal—nay, from Thacketay's picture of the pressman, which is only a generation old—to such a table as this, and to a prosperity of the press which indicates a higher civilization, and which is also justified by the noble manner in which it is used. [Cheers.] The great danger which thoughtful men have always dreaded from the press was the danger of tresponsible power, and irresponsible power has, almost invariably, been ill-used power. But I must say that in that respect the press has advanced in the right direction, and that such publicity as it gives is more useful than harmful. [Hear, hear.] I have more than once protested against the "interviewer," who has certainly done what few men of genius have been able to do—that is, to add a new verb [I will not say whether or not it is an olegant one) to the language. [Langhter.] But I must acknowledge that he is frequently useful, and that he chabies public men out of power. But it has the catering the a universal curiosity which leads to an invasion of the privacy of life [cheers], and when I remember that the first great and model interviewer was Isoswell, I confess that my feelings soften toward the whole race. I heres and langiter.] I alluded a moment ago to w I have reached that period of life when almost

CURIOSITIES OF LETTER-WRITING.

From The Spectator.

Erew The Speciator.

Letters of admiration and thanks may be very trying and disheaft to answer. We believe Mr. Carlyle employed semething like a stereotyped form for such cases, saying a civil word or two to the writer, and briefly advising him to be sure and turn whatever truth he had grasped into life and deed. But what are you to do when the letter shows that the writer has totally mistaken your meaning, while he addresses you in such terms that you cannot put him right without disturbing his mind—which is probably a rather callow one—in some particular in which you feel bound not to assume any such responsibility f low trying, too, is it to have to deal with the writer of a letter of admiration which also discloses self-complacency or very gross ignorance, or which puts some important question in a shape in which you cannot deal with it without writing a pretty long pamphlet, or without telling the writer more or less directly that he wants many years' experience of life before he meddles with such matters at all. An enthusinatic young letter-writer thinks nothing of putting a question, ten pages long, which is, in fact, a request for a solution of the whole problem of the universe.

Then there are the letters that come with books, pamphlets and packets of manuscript, some of them disguised but deliberately planned traps, and others traps in which the snare is not intended. The writer of these paragraphs—a sufficiently unimportant person—once received a letter from abroad, asking private questions tsuch as the "number, ages and soxes" of his family, and the profession he had been brought up to); and the letter was so conhad been brought up to); and the letter was so conhad been brought up to); and the letter was so conhad been brought up to); and the letter has one one received a letter from abroad, asking private questions tsuch as the "unmber, ages and soxes" of his family, and the profession he had been brought up to). So the profession he asked for. The same insignificant person one one received a pack